# Daily Eagle

## WOMAN AND HOME.

### ONE DAUGHTER OF ST. CRISPIN WORKING AT THE BENCH.

**Why Women Are Not Familiar with Money Matters—A Young Lady Book Canvasser's Experience—Hints on the Care of Children and Housekeeping.**

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Gill lives, little girl?" was the question a reporter asked of a flaxen haired urchin in Mulberry street, after he had spent a fruitless hour in a search for that lady.

"You mean Mrs. Gill, the shoemaker, do you?" replied the urchin, and when the reporter said that was the very personage he was looking for, the child pointed down the street, indicating where the only woman shoemaker in New York was to be found.

The reporter had little difficulty in reaching Mrs. Gill's little cobbler's shop at 275 Mulberry street in one of the tenements in the rear of old St. Patrick's cathedral. There was little to distinguish it from the ordinary cobbler's stall, except, perhaps, an unwonted tidiness and a pretty ornament here and there that at once bespoke a woman's taste. Mrs. Gill herself rose from her cobbler's bench, where she was busily engaged in mending a pair of child's shoes, to greet the reporter, and when he said he only dropped in to have a quiet chat with her she wiped a stool with the corner of her apron and asked him to be seated.

He saw in this one brief moment that Mrs. Gill was a woman that might be possibly 50 years of age, gray haired and pleasant faced. She was evidently quite ready for a chat and began by saying that she had been told she was the only woman shoemaker of the old school in New York or, perhaps, the whole United States. She said she wouldn't vouch for this being absolutely true, but, however, she had never heard of any other woman following the trade at the bench.

"Of course," she glibly talked on, with very little prompting, "there are hundreds of women working in the modern shoe factories, but any of them would be insulted if they were called shoemakers. Now, I glory in being a member of St. Crispin's 'gentle craft,' and, though the shoemaker of the olden time has long since been pushed to the wall by modern inventions, I propose to stick to the bench to the end."

"Were you regularly apprenticed to the trade?" ventured the reporter.

"I was born to it," proudly replied the old woman. "My father was a shoemaker of Northampton, England, when it was the great shoe emporium of the old country, and I learned the trade as naturally as a duck takes to the water. I watched my father by the hour, and when he saw what a taste I had for leather he fostered it more to humor me than in any hope that I would ever master the craft. But I did, and before I was 14 years of age I made a pair of shoes for my mother that I don't think I could better now. When I was old enough I went to work in a factory in Northampton at shoe fitting, and I worked in Massachusetts factories after my father came to this country in 1868. I have been working here nearly ten years and have all that I can do, as you may see," and the old woman swept the little shop with a wave of her sturdy arm.

"How did you come to go into the business on your own account?" was the next question.

"Well, I really don't know," she replied. "I worked on a machine years ago, sewing uppers for Mr. E. B. Simpson, the Spruce street pattern maker. I worked for him, maybe, two or three years, and then I did the same kind of work for Arthur & Dinon in Ferry street, and the last place I worked was for Mr. Creed in Gold street. But all this while I was heart and soul a shoemaker, and I always intended to have a shop of my own when I had money enough saved to give up the slaving of a factory. It was then I started this little shop. I prospered from the beginning. I had a good deal of custom work, and I took a pride in doing it well. Of late years, however, I have had so much mending to do, and it can be done so much quicker and pays so much better that it's a long time since I made a pair of shoes.

"My work is the ordinary run of work done in any cobbler's shop. I repair men's, women's and children's shoes, and may say I have the entire mending of the neighborhood to do. Sometimes, perhaps from curiosity, I have a call from a fine lady to mend her own or her children's fine shoes, and I have never had any one to find fault with my work."

Everybody in the neighborhood seemed to know Mrs. Gill and to have a good word to say for her. She has the reputation of being a kindly, industrious woman and a good neighbor. Many acts of unobtrusive charity are recorded of her, and the children seem to be particularly attached to her.—New York Press.

**Women as Financiers.**

Many women are generally supposed to be entirely helpless in the taking care of their money matters. But why should they not be? How many girls at school learn how to keep accounts? And if they did study the art at school they are not allowed the benefit of putting what they learn into practice during their school days, for the reason few of them are encouraged to do it or have regular allowances of money. A father of a large family of daughters said that he did not give his children allowances; he did not like the idea, as he thought it made them feel like boarders in his house; he preferred that they should come to him when they wanted money and ask for it. A very pretty sentiment, but in these practical days it would be better if every girl had a fixed allowance for dress, and were made to keep her accounts in the regular business way.

There are numbers of women doing business of various kinds who did not know how to make out a bill when they first started out in trade, and who keep their accounts according to a method of their own, an incomplete one, and there are many little sums paid out or received that never get into their account books at all. They manage to add up the larger sums they receive and spend; but the intricacies of bookkeeping are unknown to them, and frequently at the end of the year they are surprised to find that they have spent more than they have received. Just where the fault is they do not know, and so they stumble on blindly.

In the matter of investments, too, women generally show little judgment. Many of them have a wild desire to own land, and will grasp at the opportunity of buying lots at a low price with the expectation of realing a fortune in a few months, or years at most, by its rise in value. In many instances the taxes and assessments have been more than the price paid for the land, and the unfortunate woman has been obliged to sell at a loss. This desire to own land with a prospect, or hope, of one day building a home for herself, is natural and laudable. But the investigation of titles is expensive and troublesome, and unless a woman has a large sum to invest it is best to let real estate alone.

Savings banks are, probably, the best places for women to invest their money. A savings bank pays a fair percentage, and it is the least troublesome way for a woman to invest her savings. The buying of other securities necessitates the care of bonds, which is something that few women are capable of undertaking. For with the best intentions in the world, and a great amount of carefulness, women do mislay or lose very many important papers.—Miss Palfrey in New York Star.

**Perils of Overfeeding.**

Excessive eating is not the most striking or the most widely prevalent fault of the present generation. On the contrary, moderation and even sometimes undue limitation in diet is the prevailing fashion. There is still, however, a considerable number of persons who habitually overeat at meals, and to such a few physiological hints may not be without their value. Dr. Reudon has been at the pains to make some careful investigations on the subject, and his results have recently been published.

According to this observer, a not uncommon consequence of overfeeding is the development of a series of symptoms in many respects similar to those of typhoid fever. The temperature rises, there is a feeling of serious illness, the sleep is disturbed, the brain is incapacitated, and in severe cases the disability is complete. The cause of these symptoms is insufficient elimination and an alteration in the blood brought about by the impregnation of the organism with accumulated waste products. In addition to these typhoid symptoms thromboses occur in the vessels, and what is known as spontaneous gangrene, or mortification of parts without any obvious or sufficient cause.

Now, these are conditions of very marked danger, particularly the thromboses and the spontaneous gangrene. There is danger to life here. The obvious remedy for such a series of evils is, of course, rest for the overworked digesting and eliminating organs. Both the quantity and the quality of the food must be so changed as to admit of the performance of easy digestion, perfect assimilation and adequate elimination of waste.

Lemonades and lemon juice are said to be of great service in diminishing the extreme craving for food; and this, from a limited experience, we can to some extent confirm. Milk, also, in moderate quantities is useful, and in certain cases skim milk would probably be best. It is not always found that the resting of the organs is sufficient. The fever may persist for a long time, and with it the feeling of very decided illness. Drugs of different kinds are then urgently demanded, and a competent physician should be consulted without delay.—Hospital.

**A Book Canvasser.**

I have often thought that the publication of my experience in a big city, trying to make a living, would benefit young women who are anxious to get away from country homes. Both my brother and I had every reason to expect that we would be successful when we came to St. Louis from New Orleans. My brother was drowned, my landlady went to Chicago and—would you believe it?—I had a hard enough time to find another boarding house, even though I pawned my watch and my bracelets, and offered to pay in advance. After I got into a home on Washington avenue it was struggle, struggle, struggle for three months, with a little help from the Woman's Exchange, to pay my room rent and buy two meals a day. I am well enough satisfied with the employment I have now.

I canvass for Bulwer's works and an encyclopedia. I get $2 for each Bulwer order I take and $3 for each encyclopedia, and I don't have any trouble about collecting the money. That is done by a man. I don't go about my work in a haphazard fashion, and so I am fairly lucky. I never approach a gentleman until I know at least his name, and if he is busy when I call I give him a card and ask him to let me call again. I count upon making between $15 and $20 a week.

I have never had to suffer extreme rudeness but once, and, it may seem strange to you, the person who was uncivil to me was a woman. She was a stenographer in a lawyer's office. I came in when she was alone, said I would wait for him and sat down. She looked me over carefully, went to her typewriter, wrote on a slip a very cruel remark, laid it on a desk before my eyes and went out of the room. I was so indignant and hurt that I went away; but I got angry afterward, went back at lunch time, when that young lady was out, and sold that lawyer a Bulwer. I was awfully tempted to tell him about his stenographer, but I didn't.—Nellie Blalock in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**He Got It.**

Among the passengers on a western train yesterday was a woman very much overdressed, accompanied by a fright looking nurse girl and a self willed, tyrannical boy of about three years.

The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continual shrieks and kicks and screams and his viciousness toward his patient nurse. He tore her bonnet, scratched her hands, and finally spat in her face without a word of remonstrance from the mother.

Whenever the nurse manifested any firmness the mother chided her sharply. Finally the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse for the fifth time a wasp came sailing in and flew on the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it.

The nurse caught his hand and said coaxingly:

"Harry mustn't touch. Bug will bite Harry."

Harry screamed savagely and began to kick and pound the nurse.

The mother, without opening her eyes or lifting her head, cried out sharply:

"Why do you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once."

"But, ma'am, it's a"——

"Let him have it, I say."

Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp and caught it. The scream that followed brought tears of joy to the passengers' eyes.

The mother awoke again.

"Mary," she cried, "let him have it!"

Mary turned in her seat and said confusedly:

"He's got it, ma'am!"—Boston Journal.

**Train the Girls.**

When a girl is ten years old she should be given household duties to perform according to her size and strength, for which a sum of money should be paid her weekly. She needs a little pocket money, and the knowledge how to spend it judiciously, which can so well be given by a mother to her little girl. She should be required to furnish a part of her wardrobe with this money. For instance, if she gets ten cents a week, she should purchase all her stockings, or all her gloves, as her mother may decide; and doing this under the mother's supervision, she will soon learn to trade with judgment and economy. Of course the mother will see to it that the sum is sufficient to do this, and yet leave a trifle for the child to spend as she pleases. This will supply a healthy stimulus; it will give her a proper ambition and pride in her labor, and the ability to use money properly. As she grows older these household duties should be increased, with the proportionate increase of money paid for the performance of them. We know of a lady who divided the wages of a servant among her three daughters. There is a systematic arrangement of their labor, which is done with a harmony and precision rarely found, either with a hired girl or a daughter who feels that she has to do it with nothing to encourage or stimulate her in the work.—Woman's Journal.

**Stop Trotting that Baby.**

"Stop trotting that baby!" I feel like saying this whenever I see any one trotting a dear little darling of a baby, and see the look of perfect misery, or at best simple endurance, on the tiny face.

Can it be explained why any one, endowed with reason, can imagine it to be pleasant for a baby to be perched on some one's knee, and a regular "get there or die" trot struck up, that nearly unhooks its head from its shoulders, and almost jolts the breath out of its little body, and leaves it so tired it cannot even cry?

Some people seem to think that when they take a baby in their arms they must work themselves into a fever to keep it quiet, when a great many times it would be glad to be held in quiet.

If they do hold the baby still they will wiggle a piece of paper or some toy before its eyes, which would be unendurable to a grown person, especially if it should be something he wished to see.

How beneficial it must be to the eyes as baby tries to fix them on these wavering objects.

Some other persons have a way of trying to see how near they can come to either killing or crippling baby, and not do it.

This is by balancing the baby on one hand, in an unsteady fashion, when too small to help its if, or, when a little older and a great deal heavier, to take it by the ankles or knees, and say: "Now stiffy up, baby," and up, up it goes as high as the person can reach.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Editor Mrs. Keating.**

There has been some curiosity of late among those posted on good book reviewing as to the identity of the literary editor of The Memphis Daily Appeal. The critical work on that paper—editorial and review—has been of so superior a quality as to attract attention. The secret is out! The work is that of a bright southern woman—Mrs. J. E. Keating, wife of the managing editor of The Appeal. In addition to being a charming writer, the lady is possessed of analytical and critical faculties strongly tinctured with liberality and broad, intelligent common sense. She has the courage of her convictions, and they are far from being narrow or provincial. Every summer season she visits New York and informs herself as completely as possible as to what is going on in a literary way, and knowing her own field and people thoroughly she is more than ordinarily well equipped for her work. Mrs. Keating is of the true southern type, tall, blonde, and of dignified presence; a good conversationalist, a woman of superior mind and judgment, a firm believer in the literary development of the south, and an enthusiast regarding its possibilities.—Current Literature.

**Mannish Women.**

Many women now bet at race meetings, and though they have not yet gone the length of making their bets with the bookmakers personally, yet they get their friends to do so for them, and look upon it as a serious matter of business, and in many cases venture considerable sums. We do not, of course, refer to those who, when they go casually to Ascot, have small bets of two or three pounds on some of the principal races, but to those who make a practice of attending the principal meetings, such as Newmarket, Epsom, Kempton, Leicester, Manchester, Liverpool and others. Ascot, Sandown and Goodwood are essentially ladies' gatherings, where most of the ladies go more for social than racing purposes; but those that attend the other meetings are increasing numerically, and in their attention to "business," and when they take to racing regularly are as a rule fond of gambling at cards, though the latter is by no means a new or modern amusement among the votaries of fashion.—London Saturday Review.

**To Soften Wet Stiffened Shoes.**

"The women have a new use for vaseline," observed a Fifteenth street drug clerk, as he jerked his thumb over his right shoulder in the direction of a well dressed lady who was leaving the store after having made a purchase of the petroleum compound.

"What's that?"

"They are using it on their shoes now."

"On their shoes?"

"Yes, and the ladies must be given credit for having made a valuable discovery. The ingredients of vaseline have a wonderful effect on fine leather and it is fast taking the place of all the compounds manufactured for softening the shoes. Take a pair of shoes that have become stiff and uncomfortable by constant wear in the rain and apply a coat of vaseline, rubbing it in well with a cloth, and in a short time the leather becomes as soft and pliable as when it is taken from the shelves of the shoe dealer. Yes, indeed, this rainy weather has caused quite a boom in the vaseline trade."—Washington Post.

**Girls in Alaska.**

In Alaska a girl is ready for society as soon as she enters her teens. It does not require many years in that country for a girl to grow up. The dress of the average Stickeen river maidens is not very elaborate. A plain cotton garment, long and loose, envelops her person, and a Turkish bath towel is wound about her head. When she goes out a blanket of bright colors is thrown around her shoulders. The wife of a missionary in that section says the young women often go barefooted, but that after they see the boots and shoes of white women their great desire is to have a pair.—Harper's Bazar.

**Worry Kills, Not Work.**

It is not work that kills, but worry. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but friction. Work is good for the soul, good for the body and good for the mind. If you want a good appetite don't worry. If you want to stand well with yourself and the world, and want things to go right in your home and your business, do not worry. If you want to size up 100 cents on the dollar do not worry.—Albany Journal.

Do you ever have any trouble with your "canned fruits" spoiling, especially canned tomatoes? I mean the good home made kind, put up in glass jars. Just try this: When you put them away wrap each jar in dark blue paper (you can get it from the drug store; they use it for Seidlitz powders). Then put the jars away in a dark place. This is a good thing to remember and put in practice when you want to keep anything from action of the light.

Hiccough may often be stopped by holding the breath, by swallowing a piece of bread, by a sudden fright or a draught of weak liquid. When from heat and acidity of the stomach in children, a little rhubarb and chalk will be efficacious. Should it proceed from irritability of the nerves take a few drops of sal volatile, with a teaspoonful of paregoric elixir.

**The Trout a Creel Will Hold.**

"What perverse creatures you trout are," exclaimed an Angler who had exhausted his patience and stock of flies in vain attempts to induce some of the trout to rise. "You do not know your own mind for half an hour at a time, and it is impossible to tell what you do want. No dependence can be placed on you."

"Not more perverse than you are," mused a Trout who had overheard the remarks made by the Angler. "For the purpose of weighing some objects you allow sixteen ounces to the pound; when you weigh gold you call twelve ounces a pound, and when you weigh us your scale is very elastic. I have known trout to weigh a pound which, according to a troy or avoirdupois scales, would not weigh more than six ounces. In fact there does not seem to be any fixed weight to our species. I have known the elasticity of your scales to be so great that a five pound creel held twenty-two pounds of trout."—New York Herald.



REV. AUGUSTA J. CHAPIN.

**One of the Most Prominent Women Preachers in America.**

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—A pioneer among women preachers, the Rev. Augusta Chapin, brought to her work, in the beginning, what very few "forerunners" possess, viz.: exhaustive and fitting preparation. Her career has been no accident. She possesses fine acquirements, which she has gained by patient and long continued study. Her scholarly attainments are such as have gained for her the M. A. degree from the University of Michigan, and also high honorary degree from Lombard university. In the latter institution she occupied the position of lecturer on English literature. Miss Chapin is also lecturer on American literature in the Detroit School of Oratory and English Literature.

Inheriting from nature a fine, even a masterful mind, Miss Chapin has been able to avail herself of favorable conditions for cultivating her talent along the line of scholarly inclination and ability, and among "modern lights of learning" she may rightfully claim place. Among the 165 women who are now preaching in different parts of the United States, there is probably not one who is more thoroughly the scholar than the Rev. Augusta Chapin. She is well known as a lecturer, and there are few women before the American public who equal her in forceful elegance of diction or in earnest, fascinating eloquence of delivery.

While not a reformer in the usual acceptation of the term, Miss Chapin is yet deeply and actively interested in all good work. She is ever found on the right side of all questions a strong and faithful ally. Her especial interest is in the line of education, and she considers the elimination of ignorance as the absolutely necessary first step in all reform.

There are now thirty-nine women preachers in the Universalist church, and Miss Chapin was among the first of these to enter upon regular ministerial work. Several years before the ceremony of her installation, which occurred at Lansing, Mich., early in 1863, she had been engaged in active work. Whatever she has done in other lines she has performed regular ministerial duties during the entire time which has elapsed since she first began to preach. For more than thirty years—longer than any other living woman—she has been constantly engaged in the Christian ministry.

REV A. J. CHAPIN.

In personal appearance Miss Chapin is commanding, with a fine head and a strong face. Her dress is always plain, though rich, and without the least severity. The bit of exquisite lace and the handsome jewel, which usually complete her costume, evidence the refined taste and womanliness which are essentially a part of her character—a part, by the way, which lends a subtle charm to her individuality. She is wholly free from pedantry, and, like Hypatia of old, she deports herself with such unassuming gentleness and modesty that prejudice is disarmed and she is given an abundant welcome alike by conservative and extremist.

Miss Chapin has done successful missionary work, but she naturally appeals to the cultured and thoughtful, and her work has been largely among this class of people. Her sermons are clear, logical, scholarly, and withal free from the dust dry quality which render effete so many productions that possess these valuable attributes. She is alike mistress of words and ideas, and her vibrant musical voice and easy self possession render her both pleasing and effective.

For nearly four years she has been the successful pastor of Unity church, located at Oak Park, one of Chicago's most beautiful suburbs. This is one of the wealthy and influential churches of the Universalist denomination, and has increased both in membership and influence under Miss Chapin's pastorate; a result which certainly demonstrates the fitness of at least one woman for the ministry. ANTOINETTE VAN HORSEN.

**How She Takes Your Arm.**

You can tell pretty well how a girl feels toward you by the way she takes your arm. If she doesn't care a cent you know it by the indifference of her muscles. If she has a great confidence in you the pressure tells it; and friendship is as distinct from love in that mode of expression as in words or looks. A woman can take the arm of a fellow she likes very much with perfect comfort, even if she is six feet high and he is four. But even if the two are just matched, she can make him feel disdain, contempt, discomfort, dislike, anything she likes, by the way she does not hold on to him.—Detroit Free Press.



| OFFICE NO. | TITLE OF BLANK. | BY THE DOZ. | BY THE FIFTY. | BY THE HUND. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | APPLICATIONS TO ENTER. | | | |
| 4 001 | Cash System | 5 cents | 15 cents. | 20 |
| 4 002 | Homestead Law | 10 | 30 | 50 |
| 4 003 | Timber Culture Law | 10 | 30 | 50 |
| | AFFIDAVITS. | | | |
| 4 004 | Affidavit of Service of Contest by Mail | 5 | 15 | 20 |
| 4 005 | Affidavit of Notice Posted on Land | 5 | 15 | 20 |
| 4 006 | By pre-emption Claimant | 10 | 40 | 75 |
| 4 007 | Non-Mineral | 10 | 40 | 75 |
| 4 008 | Final Proof | 10 | 30 | 50 |
| 4 009 | Soldiers' and Sailors' Homestead | 10 | 30 | 50 |
| 4 010 | Appealing Farm Homestead | 15 | 40 | 75 |
| 4 011 | Additional Farm, Final | 15 | 40 | 75 |
| 4 012 | Commutation, Homestead | 10 | 40 | 75 |
| 4 013 | Final Homestead | 15 | 40 | 75 |
| 4 014 | Pre-emption, Homestead | 15 | 40 | 75 |
| 4 015 | Coal Land, Homestead | 15 | 40 | 75 |
| 4 016 | Timber Culture, Entry | 10 | 30 | 50 |
| 4 017 | Desert Land | 15 | 40 | 75 |
| 4 018 | Homestead, others who cannot appear at the local office | 10 | 30 | 50 |
| 4 019 | Coal, Timber Culture | 15 | 40 | 75 |
| 4 020 | Timber Culture, Final | 15 | 40 | 75 |
| | NOTICES. | | | |
| 4 045 | Contest, Homestead Law | 10 | 25 | 40 |
| 4 046 | Contest, Timber Culture Law | 10 | 25 | 40 |
| 4 047 | For Publication | 10 | 25 | 40 |
| 4 048 | Intention to make Final Proof, Homestead | 10 | 25 | 40 |
| 4 049 | Intention to make Final Proof, Pre-emption | 10 | 25 | 40 |
| 4 050 | Desert Lands, Notice of Intention to make Proof | 10 | 25 | 40 |
| 4 051 | Timber Land Act June 3, 1878, Notice for Publication | 10 | 25 | 40 |
| 4 052 | Desert Land, Final Proof, Notice for Publication | 10 | 25 | 40 |
| 4 053 | Timber Culture, Final Proof—Notice for Publication | 10 | 25 | 40 |
| 4 054 | Timber Culture—Notice of Intention to Make Proof | 10 | 25 | 40 |
| | PROOFS. | | | |
| 4 055 | Homestead, Pre-emption and Commutation, Claimant | 25 | 75 | 1 00 |
| 4 056 | Homestead, Pre-emption and Commutation, Witness | 25 | 75 | 1 00 |
| 4 057 | Coal Land and Stone Lands—Testimony of Claimant | 25 | 75 | 1 00 |
| 4 058 | Timber Lands, Witness | 25 | 75 | 1 00 |
| 4 059 | Desert Lands, Claimant | 25 | 75 | 1 00 |
| 4 060 | Desert Lands, Witness | 25 | 75 | 1 00 |
| 4 061 | Ex Parte, Contested Homestead | 25 | 75 | 1 00 |
| 4 062 | Timber Culture, Claimant | 25 | 75 | 1 00 |
| 4 063 | Timber Culture, Witness | 25 | 75 | 1 00 |
| | STATEMENTS. | | | |
| 4 064 | Declaratory, Offered | 10 | 30 | 50 |
| 4 065 | Declaratory, Unoffered | 10 | 30 | 50 |
| 4 066 | Timber and Stone Lands—Sworn Statement | 15 | 40 | 75 |
| 4 067 | Declaratory, Coal or Indian Lands | 15 | 40 | 75 |
| 4 068 | Soldier's Declaratory and Affidavit | 10 | 30 | 50 |
| 4 069 | Soldier's Declaratory | 10 | 30 | 50 |
| | MISCELLANEOUS. | | | |
| 4 070 | Repayment of Purchase Money | 15 | 40 | 75 |
| 4 071 | Relinquishment, Desert Land | 15 | 40 | 75 |
| 4 072 | Township Plat, sections one inch square | 5 | 15 | 20 |
| 4 073 | Soldier's Discharge | 10 | 30 | 50 |